GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON

Mil 1901, by Herbert S. Stone

ever heard such a thing uttered before. In a daze, stunned by the name-Guggenslocker-mystlfled over their had been foiled at every fair attempt to learn theirs, Lorry could only mumble his acknowledgments. In all his life he had never fost command of himself as at this moment. Guggenslocker!



"You lucky dog!"

He could feel the dank sweat of disappointment starting on his brow. A butcher-a beer maker-a cobbler-a gardener-all synonyms of Guggenslocker. A sausage manufacturer's niece-Miss Guggenslocker! He tried to glance unconcernedly at her as he took up his napkin, but his eyes wavered belplessly. She was looking serenely at him, yet he fancied he saw a shadow of mockery in her blue eyes.

choose?" she asked, with a smile so tantalizing that he understood inwas increased. Her uncle and aunt | sword ends the combat." were regarding him calmly-expectantly, he imagined.

"I-I have no ambition to be a novel elevated. writer," he said, "so I have not made a study of heroines.

"But you would have an ideal," she

"I'm sure I-I don't-that is, she would not necessarily be a heroine. Unless, of course, it would require heroism to pose as an ideal for such a prosale fellow as I."

"To begin with, you would call her Clarabel Montrose or something equally as impossible. You know the name of a heroine in a novel must be euphonious. That is an exacting rule." It was an open taunt, and he could see that she was enjoying his discombture.

It aroused his indignation and his wits. "I would first give my here a distinguished name. No matter what the heroine's name might be, pretty or otherwise, I could easily change it to his certain!" in the last chapter." She flushed beneath his now bright, keen eyes and the ready though unexpected retort. Uncle Caspar placed his napkin to his lips and coughed. Aunt Yvonne studiously inspected her bill of fare. "No Grenfall was a silent, interested specmatter what you call a rose, it is al-

ways sweet," he added mouningly. At this she laughed good naturedly. He marveled at her white teeth and red lips. A rose, after all. Guggenslocker, rose; rose, not Guggenslocker. No, no! A rose only! He functed he caught a sly look of triumph in her uncle's swift glanco toward her. But Uncle Caspar was not a rose. Ho was Guggenslocker. Guggenslocker-butcher! Still he did not look the part; no, indeed. That extraordinary man a butcher, a gardener, a-and Aunt Yvonne? Yet they were Guggenslock-

"Here is the waiter," the girl observed to his relief. "I am famished after my pleasant drive. It was so bracing, was it not, Mr. Grenfall Lor-

"Give me a mountain ride always as an appetizer," he said obligingly, and so ended the jest about a name.

The orders for the dinner were given. and the quartet sat back in their chairs to await the coming of the soup. Grenfall was still wondering how she had learned his name, and was on the point of asking several times during the conventional discussion of the young lady. weather, the train and the mountains. He considerately refrained, however, unwilling to embarrass her.

agent telegraphed that we were com- on the outside. I climbed down from ing overland in that awful old carriage. | the car and saw that we were at a lit-The agent at P--- says it is a danger- tle station. The conductor came runous road, at the very edge of the moun- ning toward me excitedly. tain. He also increased the composure of my uncle and aunt by telling them asked. that a wagon rolled off yesterday, killing a man, two women and two horses. | you heard?' I cried. Dear Aunt Yvonne, how troubled you must have been!"

"I'll confess there were times when I thought we were rolling down the mountain," said Lorry, with a relieved

failed to come to earth, though, did we?" she laughingly asked.

"Emphatically! Earth and a little acquaintance with his own when he grief," he said, putting his hand to his

"Does it pain you?" she asked quick-

"Not in the least. I was merely feeling to see if the cut were still there. Mr.-Mr. Guggenslocker, did the conductor object to holding the train?" he asked, remembering what the conductor had told him of the old gentleman's

"At first, but I soon convinced him that it should be held," said the other

"My husband spoke very harshly to the poor man," added Aunt Yvonne. "But I am afraid, Caspar, he did not understand a word you said. You were very much excited." The sweet old lady's attempts at English were much more laborious than her husband's.

"If he did not understand my English he was very good at guessing, said her husband grimly.

"He told me you had threatened to call him out," ventured the young man. "Call him out? Ach, a railroad conductor!" exclaimed Uncle Caspar in

"Caspar, I heard you say that you would call him out," interposed his wife, with reproving eyes.

"Ach, God! I have made a mistake! I see it all! It was the other word I meant-down, not out! I intended to call him down, as you Americans say. I hope he will not think I challenged him." He was very much perturbed. "I think he was afraid you would,"

said Lorry. "He should have no fear. I could not meet a railroad conductor. Will you please tell him I could not so condescend. Besides, ducling is murder in your country, I am told."

"It usually is, sir. Much more so than "If you were a novel writer, Mr. Lor- in Europe." The others looked at him ry, what manner of heroine would you inquiringly. "I mean that in America when two men pull their revolvers and go to shooting at each other some one stinctively why she was reviving a is killed-frequently both. In Europe, topic once abandoned. His confusion as I understand it, a scratch with a

> "You have been misinformed," exclaimed Uncle Caspar, his eyebrows

> "Why, Uncle Caspar has fought more duois than he can count," cried the girl proudly.

"And has he slain his man every time?" asked Grenfall smilingly, glancing from one to the other. Aunt Yverne shot a reproving look at the girl, whose face paled instantly, her eyes going quickly in affright to the face of her

"God!" Lorry heard the old gentleof fare, but his eyes were fixed and a gallant gentleman and she a grateful The card was crumpling between the long, bony fragers. The Amorican realized that a forbidden topic had been touched upon.

"He has fought and he has slain." he thought as quick as a flash. "He is no butcher, no gardoner, no cobbler. That's

"Tell us, Uncle Caspar, what you said to the conductor," cried the young lady nervously.

"Tell them, Caspar, how alarmed we were," added soft voiced Aunt Yvonne. tator. He somehow feit as if a scene from some tragedy had been reproduced in that briefest of moments. Calmly and composedly, a half smile now in his face, the soldierly Caspar nairated the story of the Train's run from one station to the other.

"We did not miss you until we had almost reached the other station. Then your Aunt Yvonne asked me where you had gone. I fold her I had not seen you, but went into the coach shead to search. You were not there. Then I went on to the dluing car. Ach, you were not there. In alarm I returned to our car. Your aunt and I looked everywhere. You were not anywhere. I sent Hedrick ahead to summon the conductor, but he had bardly left us when the engine whistled sharply and the train begun to slow up in a jerky fashion. I rushed to the platfown, meeting Hedrick, who was as much alarmed as I. He said the train had been flagged and that there must be something wrong. Your aunt came out

strange discovery." Grenfall observed that he was addressing himself exclusively to the

and told me that she had made a

"She had found that the gentleman in the next section was also missing. While we were standing there in doubt "Aunt Yvonne tells me she never ex- and perplexity the train came to a pected to see me alive after the station standstill, and soon there was shouting

"'Is the young lady in the car?' he

"'No. For heaven's sake, what have "'Then she has been left at Ohe exclaimed, and used some very ex-

traordinary American words. "I then informed him that he should run back for you, first learning that She could forget him and think of you were alive and well. He said he Thursday, and when she thought of "Sometimes I thought we were soar- would be d-d if he would-pardon Thursday, the future, he was but a stranger, ing through space, whether upward or the word, ladies. He was very angry thing of the past, not even of the presdownward I could not tell. We never and said he would give orders to go ent.

ahead, but I told him I would demand restitution of his government. He laughed in my face, and then I became shamelessly angry. I said to him:

" 'Sir, I shall call you down'-not out. as you have said—'and I shall run you through the mill."

"That was good American talk, sir, was it not, Mr. Lorry? I wanted him to understand me, so I tried to use your very best language. Some gentlemen who are traveling on this train and some very excellent ladies also joined in the demand that the train be held. His dispatch from O- said that you, Mr. Lorry, insisted on having it held for twenty minutes. The conductor insulted you, sir, by saving that you had more-ah, what is it?-gall than any ldiot he had ever seen. When he said that, although I did not fully understand that it was a reflection on you, co ignorant am I of your language, 1 took occasion to tell him that you were a gentleman and a friend of mine. He asked me your name, but as I did not know it I could only tell him that he would learn it soon enough. Then he said something which has puzzled me ever since. He told me to close my face. What did he mean by that, Mr. Lor-

"Well, Mr. Guggenslocker, that means in refined American 'stop talking," said Lorry, controlling a desire

"Ach, that accounts for his surprise when I talked louder and faster than ver. I did not know what he meant. He said positively he would not wait, but just then a second message came from the other station. I did not know what it was then, but a gentieman told me that it instructed him to hold the train if he wanted to hold his job. Job is situation, is it not? Well, when he read that message he said he would wait just twenty minutes. I asked him to tell me how you were coming to us. but he refused to answer. Your aunt and I went at once to the telegraph man and implored him to tell us the truth, and he said you were coming in a carriage over a very dangerous road. Imagine our feelings when he said some people had been killed yesterday on that very road.

"When your aunt and I returned to the train we saw the conductor holding his watch. He said to me, 'In just three minutes we pull out. If they are not here by that time they can get on the best they know how. I've done all I can.' I did not say a word, but went to my section and had Hedrick get out my pistols. If the train left before you arrived it would be without its con-

"Then came the sound of carriage rheels and galloping horses. Almost before we knew it you were with us. I am so happy that you were not a min-

There was something so cool and grim in the quiet voice, something so determined in those brilliant eyes, that Grenfall felt like looking up the conductor to congratulate bim. The dinner was served, and while it was being discussed his fair companion of the drive graphically described the experience of twenty strange minutes in a

sbackledown mountain coach. Somehow the real flavor of romance was stricken from the ride by her candid admissions. What he had considored a romantic treasure was being calmly robbed of its glitter, leaving man mutter. He was looking at his bill ture in which he had played the part of for his memory the blur of an adven-He was beginning to feel ashamed of the concelt that had misled | event, for I have not thought of it in him. Down in his heart he was saying, "I might have known it. I did know it. She is not like other women." The perfect confidence that dwelt in the rapt faces of the others forced into his wondering mind the impression that

this girl could do no wrong. "And, Aunt Yvonne," she said, in conclusion, "the luck which you say is mine as birthright asserted itself. I escaped unburt, while Mr. Lorry alone possesses the pain and unpleasantness

of our ride." "I possess neither," he objected, "The pain that you refer to is a pleasure." "The pain that a man endures for a voman should always be a pleasure,"

said Uncle Caspar smilingly. "But it could not be a pleasure to him 'He could not feel happy if she did not respect the pain."

"And encourage it," supplemented fall Lorry." Lorry dryly. "If you do not remind me occasionally that I am burt, Miss Guggenslocker, I am liable to forget it." how to say it in one breath."

"If I were not so soon to part from you, I should be your physician, and, like all physicians, prolong your ailment interminably," she said prettily.

"To my deepest satisfaction," he said varinly, not lightly. There was nothing further from his mind than servile flattery, as his rejoinder might imply. "Alas," he went on, "we no sooner meet than we part. May I ask when you are to sail?"

"On Thursday," replied Mr. Guggen-"On the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse," added his niece, a faraway look com-

ng into her eyes. "We are to stop off one day, tomorrow, in Washington," said Aunt have used it say hat it is unequalled for Yvonne, and the jump that Lorry's heart gave was so mighty that he was by Pickens Drug afraid they could see it in his face.

"My uncle has some business to transact in your city, Mr. Lorry. We are to spend tomorrow there and Wednesday in New York. Then we sail. Ach, how I long for Thursday!" His heart sank like lead to the depths from which it had sprung. It required no effort on his part to see that he was a rest in the shade from his fatiguing alone in his infatuation. Thursday toll, was agreeable. was more to her than his existence.

ton, Mr. Lorry?" asked Mrs. Guggen-

"All my life," he replied, wishing at that moment that he was homeless and free to choose for himself.

"You Americans live in one city and then in another," she said. "Now, in our country generation after generation lives and dies in one town. We are not migratory."

"Mr. Lorry has offended us by not knowing where Graustark is located on the map," cried the young lady, and he could see the flash of resentment in "Why, my dear sir, Graustark is in"-

him instantly. "Uncle Caspar, you are not to tell him. I have recommended that be study geography and discover for him-

began Uncle Caspar, but she checked

He was not ashamed, but he mentalvowed that before he was a day older be would find Graustark on the map and would stock his negligent brain with all that history and the encyclopedia had to say of the unknown land.

"Shall I study the map of Europe, Asia or Africa?" asked be, and they laughed.

Her uncle laughed, and, to Lorry's dis-

appointment, obeyed the young lady's

command.

"Study the map of the world," said Miss Guggenslocker proudly.

"Edelweiss is the capital?" Yes, our home city, the queen of the gs." cried she, "You should see New Yorker, Edelweiss, Mr. Lorry. It is of the mountain, the plain and the sky. There are homes in the valley, homes on the mountain side and homes in the

"And yours? From what you say it ist be above the clouds-in beaven." "We are farthest from the clouds, for Tolland county, Conn., and shown at we live in the green valley, shaded by the white topped mountains. We may, Edelweiss, have what climate we will. Doctors do not send us on long | Speaking of his method, the grower journeys for our health. They tell us to move up or down the mountain. We have balmy spring, glorious summer, refreshing autumn and chilly winter, just as we like."

"Ideal! I think you must be pretty well toward the south. You could not have July in January if you were far

"True; yet we have January in July. Study your map. We are discernible to the naked eye," she said, half ironic-

"I care not if there are but three inhabitants of Granstark, all told, it is certainly worthy of a position on any map," said Lorry gallantly, and his listeners applauded with patriotic appreciation. "By the way, Mr. Gug-Guggenslocker, you say the conductor asked you for my name, and you did not know it. May I ask how you learned it later on?" His curiosity got the better of him, and his courage was increased by the champagne the old gentloman had ordered.

"I did not know your name until my niece told it to me after your arrival in the carriage," said Uncle Caspar. "I don't remember giving it to Miss Guggenslocker at any time," said Lor-

"You were not my informant," she said demurely.

"Surely you did not guess it."

"Oh, no, indeed. I am no mind readyou could have read in my mind in that

She was sitting with her elbows on the table, her chin in her hands, a dreamy look in her blue eyes.

"You say you obtained that coin from the porter on the Denver train?" "Within two hours after I got

aboard. "Well, that coin purchased your name for me," she said calmly, candid-

ly. He gasped. "You-you don't mean that you"-- he stammered.

"You see, Mr. Lorry, I wanted to know the name of a man who came nearest my ideal of what an American should be. As soon as I saw you I knew that you wore the American as I had grown to know him through the unless the woman considered it a books-big, strong, bold and comely. pain," reasoned Miss Guggenslocker, That is why I bought your name of the porter. I shall always say that I know the name of an ideal American-Gren-

Her frank statement singgered him almost beyond the power of recovery. "I-I am honored," he at last man-To himself he added, "I'll never learn aged to say, his eyes gleaming with embarrassment. "I trust you have not

> ["A PP CONTINUED.] A Certain Control Used for Ten

Years Without a Failure Mr. W. C. Bott, a Star City, Ind. bare were merchant as enthusiastic in he praise of Cham serlam's Cough Remedy His children have all been subject t croup and be has used this remedy for pust ten years, and though the much feared the eroup, his wife and I lways felt sa upon retiring when bottle of Cham a rlain's Cough Remed was in the hou of His oldest child was subject to seve a stacks of croup, but this remedy n ver failed to effect speedy cure. He has recommended to friends and neighbors and all wi croup and whoo ing cough. For as

Liquid Corn.

An easterner was prospecting in the north Georgia mountains when he came on a native apparently clinging to the side of a steep hill tilling corn. The prospector stopped for a chat, and the mountaineer, nothing loath for

"Say, friend, how in the world do you get the corn down off that hillside after it is ready for harvest?" asked the

"in jugs," was the laconic and probably truthful reply.—Atlanta Georgian.



NEW CALLAS.

Handsome Plants of Easy Culture. Care of Tubers.

Several new hybrid yellow flowering

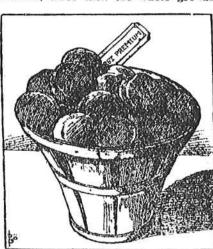
richardias, popularly known as callas have recently been put in commerce. They have all been produced by intercrossing species native to South Africa and are handsome decorative plants, especially suitable for subtropical garden effects. While some of the species are not overvigorous and generally need glass protection, the hybrids are of the easiest culture in the open. The large tubers winter perfectly if kept warm and dry, and may be planted out any time after the ground warms up in spring. They grow well in any sunny situation, but are most effective in beds or borders of deeply dug, well enriched and if possible moist soil, such as the elephant's ear, colocasia, delights in, and make a particularly satisfactory appearance in groups of five to seven plants spaced about ten inches apart. Blooms are produced from July to August. When the foliage begins to yellow in September the tubers should carefally be lifted, cured in shade and stored like potatoes in a dry, frost free cellar or other suitable place,-Rural

FINE FRUIT.

Late Peaches and Baldwin Apples From the Same Orchard.

These fine peaches pictured by New England Homestead were grown in the last annual meeting of the Connecticut Pomological society at Rockville. The variety is late Crawford,

My orchard was planted on sod ground in the spring of 1895; the trees placed 20 by 20 feet, every other tree of the alternate rows being a Baldwin apple tree. A small quantity of bone and potash was applied near the trees at time of planting. The first two years potatoes were planted in the orehard; since then the whole ground



LATE GRAWFORD PEACHES.

has been given up to the trees. The grounds have been plewed in the spring and kept harrowed until about August While the trees were young the previous year's growth was cut back about one third, and the branches were thinned to prevent the trees becoming too dense. I have picked five good crops of peaches, and the apples are beginning to boar.

Leaf Pruning of the Grape. In order to allow the sun to penetrate to and aid the ripening of late grapes it is often advisable late in the season to lessen the leafy shade of the vine. L. H. Bailey recommends that this should be done by removing the leaves from the center of the vines and not by cutting away the canes. In this way only those leaves are removed which are injurious, and as much lenf surface as possible is left to perform the autumn duty of laying up food material for the spring. The removal of leaves should not be excessive, and if considerable, should be gradual, otherwise there is danger of sunburn. It is bost, first, to remove the leaves from below the fruit. This allows free circulation of the air and penetration of the sun's rays, which warm the soil and are reflected upon the fruit. This is generally sufficient, and in any case only the loaves in the center of the vine, and especially those which are boginning to turn yellow. should be removed.

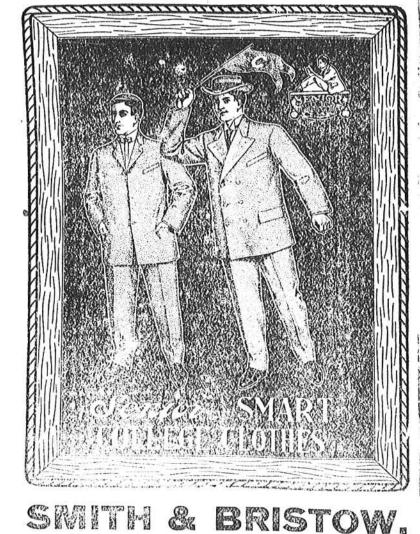
Fruit Refrigeration.

Eastern grown pears for export are refrigerated in cold storage wareoguses alongside the railroad before shipping. The poars are generally cooled after packing, as cold fruit condenses the moisture of the air and becomes wet if packed in a warm room. Sometimes the fruit is refrigerated in open headed barrels or in picking boxes and is afterward packed in a cool room. Peaches that ordinarily develop considerable decay in the top tiers of packages have been shipped by the United States department of agriculture after cooling to about 40 degrees F. and have reached distant markets in prime condition. In one shipment of 8,000 packages less than 1 per cent of soft and decayed fruit developed in the two upper tiers, while 5 to 30 per cent developed in cars cooled in the ordinary way.

In Planting.

Don't plant anything on cold, wet, heavy soil. Drain it and lighten it first. Avoid thin barked trees, like birch, or wrap them with straw. Mulch every tree for winter protec-

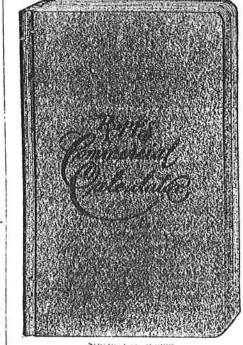
Insist on getting well ripened stock. -Garden Magazine.



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The exact value of a bale of Cotton, at any price per lb. Also the Toll for gliming it.

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